So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
A ſlakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloody ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell vpon
God giue leiſure of theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

Rich, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow:
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with heauy fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſticement:
That we may praiſe thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill,

Enter the ghoſt of Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the 6,
Ghoſt to K. *Ric.* Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire and dye.
To *Rich.* Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules
Of

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the 6.

Ghoſt to K. *Richard.* When I was mortall my
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me; deſpaire and die,
Harry the ſixt bids thee deſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy, be thou conqueror
Harry that Propheſied thou ſhouldſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow
I that was waſht to death with fulſome Wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, deſpaire and die.
To Rich. Thou off ſpring of the houſe of *Lancaſter*
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, deſpaire and dye.
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy ſoule diſ
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilt
Let fall thy launce, deſpaire and die,
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *R*
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of L. Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings* diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awak
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* ſake

Enter the Ghoſt of two young Princes.

Ghoſt. Dreame on, thy couſins ſmothered in th
Let vs be layd within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine ſhame and de
Thy Nephews ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond*, ſleepe in peace, and w